The Fly;
OF
JUVENILE MISCELLANY.

BY SIMON SCRIBBLE & CO.

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ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

FOR THE FLY.

THE SPECULATOR, No. II.

"O ye! whom SCIENCE chose to guide
Her unpolluted ſtream along;
Adorn with flowers its cultur'd ſide,
And to its taſte allure the YOUNG;

O ſay, what language can reveal,
Th' exalted pleaſures you muſt feel,
When fir'd by you, the YOUTHFUL breaſt
Diſdains to court inglorious reſt;

And to the world's admiring gaze,
(Each precept into action brought)
In full *reality* diſplays
The lib'ral maxims you have taught.

A tranſport this, ſuperior far
To all the bliſs, th' exulting conqu'ror feels,
While crowds triumphant hail him to the war,
And vanquiſh'd nations crouch beneath his wheels."

THERE is certainly nothing which can afford more real pleaſure to the heart of ſenſibility, than the taſk of cultivating the human mind, and ſtrewing the path of knowledge with flowers. "To fix, tranſplant, manure, ſupport, and rear" the mind of MAN, "the nobleſt work of GOD," is aſſuredly an employment next to that of angels, and the idea of ſervice to our MAKER, as well as to his moſt privileged creatures, added to that of the diſtinguiſhed office in which this employs us, ſhould be ſufficient in themſelves, to ſtimulate to the greateſt exertion, while it ought to excite in the breaſt of the RISING AGE, the moſt glowing ſentiments of gratitude and admiration;—For

——"In vain
Without fair CULTURE's kind parental aid,
Without enlivening ſuns, and genial ſhowers,
And ſhelter from the blaſt—in vain we hope,
The tender plant to rear its blooming head,
Or yield the harveſt, promis'd in its ſpring."

Without a cultivated imagination, mankind is little ſuperior to the brute creation;—and to that being who was "born in the image of his MAKER,"—who was created for the beſt and nobleſt purpoſes,—whoſe moſt refined enjoyment conſiſts in the tender ties of *ſocial* life, how important is EDUCATION! And how indeſcribably delightful to the *parental heart*, is the docility, and dutiful affection of a child! O YOUTH, would that ye knew how black was ingratitude—how *criminal* was a proſtitution of thoſe advantages which your parents by the "ſweat of their brow," labor to procure for you.

When the fond efforts of a watchful parent, or an attentive inſtructor, are rewarded by the careful application of a diligent pupil, (which never fails in its uſeful effect) then, and *only then*, is it a

"Delightful taſk! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to ſhoot,
To pour the freſh inſtruction o'er the mind
To breathe th' enlivening ſpirit, and to fix
The generous purpoſe in the glowing breaſt."

Happy for the COLUMBIAN YOUTH, that their forefathers have provided ſo amply for perfecting them in all parts of a valuable EDUCATION. Yet ſtill with all the encouragement which aſſiduity can afford, we find thoſe, who neglecting the whole, will uſe every expedient which miſchief can deviſe, or villainy ſuggeſt, to rid themſelves of the *trouble* improving theſe advantages—and like the ſavage inhabitants of the foreſt, will curſe the very hand which is extended for their protection, becauſe it impoſes on themſelves the reſtraints of regularity and order. Yet let us look into the hiſtory of theſe—and do we not too often find them, ending a life of miſery on a gallows, or periſhing in the abodes of infamy and want?

Perhaps there is nothing which can be more uſeful to a YOUTH, than a courſe of well choſen READING. The Engliſh language can probably boaſt of a larger collection of improving works, than any other; and where the mind is attracted by theſe choiceſt fruits of genius, they fill the ſtore-houſe of the memory with the moſt inſtructive, and moſt uſeful proviſions. HISTORY and BIOGRAPHY, may be conſidered among the beſt of reading for the younger claſſes of mankind; after which we would recommend the works of writers who have enriched the garden of literature, by publications which point out a more extenſive field for the refreſhment of the ingenious mind.

Reflecting on the courſe of reading, which was moſt agreeable to the general taſte, I found my opinion (long ſince formed) confirmed by the remarks of an elegant writer—that on our firſt entrance into literary ſpeculation, we are more attracted by ſimple, uninterrupted narrative, than any other. As judgment begins to mature, we, by degrees, find ourſelves ready to admire even the moſt ſerious and profound, moral and didactic works. The progreſſive diſpoſition of the mind (diſcovering itſelf in every circumſtance) leads us from the thirſt for information and inſtruction, to the purſuit of pleaſure in the compariſon of the different ſtyle, and ſeveral peculiarities of authors; thus beguiling our hours in the extenſive fields of criticiſm. We are now led to eſteem a book as well for *external* as for *internal* attractions; nor do we quit our work until a thorough peruſal has capacitated us for the enjoyment of its ſubject.

I may here perhaps allow myſelf to recommend *Periodical* Publications. A MAGAZINE, when conducted with ability, is a moſt valuable repoſitory for the edification and entertainment of all ages. Would you be amuſed by plain narration—would you be improved by moral reflection, or would you recreate in all the varieties of Literature—you may indulge yourſelf in ſuch a work, where you will find an *Olla Podrida*, a diſh of all ſorts, equally compriſing the *good*, *bad*, and *indifferent*.

The SPECULATOR, (though it may argue a degree of vanity) feels himſelf happy in an opportunity of adding one to the number of correſpondents in ſuch a publication; and though he cannot expect aught from *impartiality*, than a rank among the *mediocre* ſort, yet he pledges himſelf never to be wanting in his *endeavours* to give ſatisfaction to the readers of the Eſſays of

PETER QUINCE, JUN. ESQ.

☞ *The letters of* "Priſcilla Tomboy," "Tom Hawlyard," *and* "Studioſo," *ſhall be duly noticed in our next.*

ADDRESS TO YOUTH.

LET not the ſeaſon of youth be barren of improvements in virtue, ſo eſſential to your future felicity and honour.—Now is the ſeed-time of life; and according to *what you ſow, you ſhall reap*. Your character is now, under divine aſſiſtance, of your own forming; your fate is, in ſome meaſure, put into your own hands. Whatever impulſe you now give to your deſires and paſſions, the direction is likely to continue. It will form the channel in which your life is to run; nay, it may determine its everlaſting iſſue. Conſider then the employment of this important period, as the higheſt truſt which ſhall ever be committed to you; as, in a great meaſure, deciſive of your hapineſs, in time, and in eternity.—As, in the ſucceſſion of the

ſeaſons, each, by the invariable laws of nature, affects the productions of what is next in courſe ; ſo, in human life, every period of our age, according as it is well or ill ſpent, influence the happineſs of that which is to follow. Virtuous youth gradually brings forward accompliſhed and flouriſhing manhood; and ſuch manhood paſſes of itſelf, without uneaſineſs, into reſpectable and tranquil old age. But when nature is turned out of its regular courſe, diſorder takes place in the moral, juſt as in the vegetable world. If the Spring put forth no bloſſoms, in the Summer there will be no beauty, and in Autumn there will be no fruit.—So, if youth be trifled away without improvement, manhood will be contemptible, and old age miſerable. If the beginnings of life have been *vanity*, its latter end can be no other than *vexation, of ſpirit.*

BLAIR.

INSTRUCTIVE.

DOWNFALL OF PRIDE.

YOUNG Morelove had paſſed four years at a ſchool of great reſpectability, ſurrounded by a genteel acquaintance ; moſt of his companions were happy in his friendſhip, and appeared concerned when the day arrived on which he was to leave their ſociety.—His father had agreed with an eminent tradeſman to take him as an apprentice, and thought it moſt prudent to allow him but a few days leiſure previous to his entering his new maſter's habitation. Many, and apparently ſincere, had been the promiſes of his ſchool-fellows, frequently to call on him, and he felt much pleaſure in the idea of keeping up an intimacy with young men among whom he had ſpent much of his early life ſo happily. Soon, however, he obſerved a coolneſs in the conduct of thoſe who had declared themſelves his trueſt friends ; they were the ſons of merchants of vaſt credit, and could not but imagine it was degrading their characters to aſſociate with tradeſmen ; among theſe, Richards was the moſt altered ; his father was extremely reſpected, and accounted rich, which inſtead of giving to his ſon a proper and becoming pride, to prevent him from degrading the character of a gentleman, taught him to deſpiſe thoſe who could not dreſs as gay as himſelf, or boaſt ſo much leiſure time. He was, like moſt people who encourage pride, ignorant and conceited, and valued himſelf for accompliſhments (as he termed them) that young men of ſenſe would bluſh to be ſuſpected of. While Morelove experienced the benefits ariſing from a ſtrict attention at figures, Richards boaſted his ſkill in hitting a ſixpence with a piſtol ſhot, at the diſtance of twelve paces. Morelove wrote an exceeding good hand, which procured him the praiſe and eſteem of an affectionate maſter, while one of the principal employments to which Richards conſigned *his*, was to take leſſons of a celebrated boxer. In ſhort, though Richards imagined himſelf to be held in high eſtimation by all who knew him, he was univerſally diſliked for his vanity, and only noticed by his friends with the kind intention of reforming him. While Morelove, who had not too great an opinion of his own abilities, gradually improved them by aſſiduity, and increaſed the good character his acquaintance were always ready to allow him. Richards would frequently call on him, it is true, but it was merely with an intent to try to mortify him, by a compariſon of their reſpective ſituations, though it never had the deſired effect. The parents and maſter of this good youth, had not beſtowed their advice in vain ; their precepts had been attended to, and their example followed.

A WEEK had elapſed ſince Richards had called, which was rather ſurprizing to Morelove, as he uſed to frequent the neighbourhood, though his joy was more than equal to his aſtoniſhment ; nevertheleſs he was at a loſs to account for the change.—Every day, however, he thought the leſs of him, and made his maſter's good opinion his ſole purſuit.

THE firſt opportunity that preſented itſelf, he made enquiry after the family of his old ſchool-fellow, but could not gain any ſatisfactory intelligence,—all that he could trace was, that Mr. Richards had failed, and that his family were not to be found.—By a continuance of that aſſiduity that firſt gained him the eſteem of his maſter, he had ſo increaſed his regard, that he at length was taken into partnerſhip, and obtained his daughter, (an only child,) in marriage, with the entire approbation of all parties.

HIS maſter having attained the utmoſt of his wiſhes, to ſee his beloved daughter happily wedded to a man, for whom he had the moſt affectionate rgard, and having realized a handſome fortune, (the juſt reward of indefatigable induſtry, and rigid integrity) retired from buſineſs, to a country houſe a few miles from town, from whence he could often viſit his dear children.

IT was in the third year ſince his commencing buſineſs, that Morelove read in one of the newſpapers, of a ſubſcription for the relief of a family in the moſt miſerable ſituation that could be deſcribed. Ever ready to contribute to the neceſſities of his fellow-creatures, he haſted to the habitation of the wretched petitioner. In a damp and unwholeſome room, behind a ſmall houſe, in one of the narrow ſtreets of London, he found the poor object of his purſuit.—He was ſitting dejectedly by his chimney corner, from whence iſſued a faint light, as of the dying embers of the morning fire :— at the oppoſite ſide of the room ſat a young woman, with two infants crying on her lap, and in their imperfect, but diſtreſſing accents, imploring for food ;—the ſight was melancholy, while he conſidered the objects merely as claimants on his benevolence, by that univerſal tie that binds mankind to aſſiſt one another ; but his ſurprize was not to be deſcribed, when, as the wretched father raiſed his eyes (to ſee who could be drawn to his miſerable reſidence) he beheld his once-reſpected friend, and ſchool-fellow. It ſeemed as if it were but a dream, and he remained ſilent for ſome minutes. It was at length clear to his wondering eyes, that the tenant of this dark and dreary apartment, was no other than the formerly gay and wealthy Richards. The unhappy man gazed on the weeping eyes of his once-deſpiſed acquaintance, and had ſcarcely ſtrength to crawl to his feet. Morelove raiſed him, but misfortune had ſo completely humbled him, he dared not again to raiſe his eyes. "Richards!" ſaid this generous friend, "you cannot imagine my concern to ſee you in this ſituation,—I deſire not *now* to hear the ſtory of your diſtreſſes ; it is enough that you need my aſſiſtance ; when I ſee you next, I ſhall wiſh to know more ; he then placed five guineas in his hand, adding in a whiſper, "this is not a place for the wife of the man I once was proud to think my friend —let me not ſee you here again to-morrow ſend for me to your new reſidence."—He left his addreſs, and departed.

EARLY in the morning was the grateful Richards at the door of his benefactor—he ran to throw himſelf at his feet—Morelove prevented him—"O! can I hope for words," he cried, "ſufficiently expreſſive of my gratitude ; you have ſaved my life—for you have preſerved my family ; I lived but in my wife, and my dear babes, who muſt have fallen victims to the piercing agonies of hunger, had not your generous aſſiſtance reſtored our ſtrength, and revived in my heart the deſire of again endeavouring to earn a maintenance for my family, which I muſt confeſs, deſpair had entirely overcome."

MORELOVE made him take his breakfaſt with him, and then deſired to be made acquainted with the cauſe of the alteration in his condition, if the recollection of his ſorrows was not too painful. "What can I deny you?" replied Richards—"my hiſtory is not a long one — I ſunk from a life of elegance and extravagance, to a ſtate of poverty, by unforeſeen loſſes that robbed us at once of ſubſiſtence, and of a father's life—he could not ſuſtain the ſhock, and ſoon fell a victim to grief. I was deſtitute—few acquaintance to whom I dared apply, and very ſcanty the means of ſubſiſtence for three months—I did at laſt find a friend, who procured me a ſituation, but, having ever neglected the means of contributing to my own neceſſities, my earnings from labor would barely ſupport me —I ſet up a ſhop a ſhort time afterward, and might perhaps have got forwards, but for a terrible fire which broke out near my little dwelling, and entirely conſumed my ſcanty fortune, ſcarcely allowing my wife and infant time to eſcape, and the only ſhelter I could afford to take, was the miſerable ſpot where you found me. I am ſufficiently humbled ; and I, thank God, can ſee and repent my former pride; my ſufferings have been great, but they were juſt, and I truſt they will be deemed puniſhment ſevere enough, to atone *here* my early errors." Morelove conſoled him—aſſured him of his attachment and conſtant aſſiſtance, adding his intention of placing

him near his own reſidence. Richards again implored the bleſſings of heaven on his head, and with a boſom elated with the pureſt joy, conducted him to his new habitation.

USEFUL.

FOR THE FLY.

ANSWERS,

TO THE "MISCELLANEOUS QUESTIONS" IN THE PRECEDING NUMBER.

I. HISTORY is perhaps one of the moſt uſeful ſtudies in which the mind can be engaged. It preſents a view of the human heart, and holds out the tranſactions of innumerable ages for our inſtruction. Wretched indeed muſt that perſon be, who, wilfully overlooking all theſe opportunities of inſtruction, will forſake the path of virtue, for the thorny road to vice and miſery.

II. Hiſtory is divided into Sacred, Profane, Ancient, and Modern. The Poets and other fanciful and allegorical writers, frequently diſtinguiſhed theſe diviſions of Hiſtory by the name of the *Golden*, the *Silver*, the *Brazen*, and the *Iron* Ages. By the *Golden Age* is meant the firſt age of the world, when *Aſtrea*, the goddeſs of juſtice is ſaid to have preſided over it. The *Silver Age* is aſcribed to the reign of Jupiter, when tyrants prevailed in the earth, and Aſtrea fled from a ſcene of violence and injuſtice. The *Brazen Age* repreſents the time when men endeavoured to reduce their brethren to ſlavery. The *Iron Age*, which they ſay ſtill continues, is when all ſorts of crimes began.

III. and IV. To poſſeſs a proper knowledge of Hiſtory, it is neceſſary to be acquainted with Geography, which will teach us where events happened; and Chronology, which will teach us reſpecting the periods of time, in which ſuch tranſactions took place.

V. Hiſtorians generally agree to date events of Hiſtory from the birth of our Saviour, backwards and forwards. Thus we ſay the world was created 4000 years before Chriſt, and General Waſhington died 1799 years after Chriſt, or A D. 1799. There are various other methods uſed in different countries, but thoſe are generally local.

I. MYTHOLOGY, is the religion of the pagans; and conſiſted in the worſhip of numerous falſe deities, which their poets, painters, and ſtatuaries had imagined. Theſe fictions will ſerve to embelliſh the fields of poetry and regions of fancy, and are conſidered as the treaſury of the fine arts. They do not contain much that is important, or any very uſeful inſtruction; yet the ſtudy of Mythology is a neceſſary part of a liberal education, as without it we ſhould remain blind to the beauties of ſome of the fineſt efforts of art and genius; beſides, it enlarges the field of ideal pleaſure, to which, however illuſive, we are often obliged to have recourſe.

II. The Muſes are the nine daughters of Jupiter and Mnemoſyne, namely:

Calliope preſiding over	Rhetoric and heroic poetry.
Clio - - - - -	Hiſtory.
Erato - - - - -	Love Poetry—she invented dancing.
Thalia - - - -	Comedy.
Melpomene - - -	Tragedy—she invented Sonnets.
Terpſichore - - -	Dancing and Balls.
Euterpe - - - -	Muſic and Muſical Inſtruments.
Polyhymnia - - -	Expreſſion, Geſture and Action—she invented Odes.
Urania - - - -	Sacred and Divine Poetry, and Aſtronomy.

The Genius of Inſpiration is commonly invoked by Poets under the general name of *The Muſe*.

III. Mount Parnaſſus is ſaid to be the reſidence of the Muſes, where Apollo preſides. It is ſaid of this mountain that if any perſon happens to ſleep on it, he preſently becomes a poet; at the foot of it is a fountain, called by the Latins Hippocrene, or Horſe's Fountain, ſo called from Pegaſus the winged horſe, who kicking a ſtone with his foot, opened this fountain, the waters of which are ſaid to be vocal.

STUDIOSO.

HAVING peruſed the firſt Number of your Publication, I obſerved ſome "Miſcellaneous Queſtions referred to your youthful correſpondents for their ſeveral ſolutions," I take the liberty of offering you the following for your inſpection. If you ſhould think them correct, you will inſert them in your next number, and by ſo doing you will much oblige

FLORIO.

GEOGRAPHY.

I. The four quarters of the Globe are, Europe, Aſia, Africa, and America.

II. There are five Oceans, The Pacific, Atlantic, Indian, Northern or Frozen, and Southern.

III. America lies between the great Pacific Ocean on the Weſt, the Atlantic on the Eaſt, and extends from the 56th degree of South Latitude, to the North Pole.

IV. America is divided into two grand diviſions North and South.

ARITHMETIC.

I. Since the Northern Lights were firſt obſerved in London, allowing for leap years, 244 years 349 days—89,409 days—2,145,816 hours—123,748,960 minutes—7,724,937,600 ſeconds have elapſed.

II. Multiply 2050 by 43, and the product is 88150

III. If a cannon may be diſcharged twice with 6 lbs. of powder, 7 cwt. 3 qrs. 17 lbs. will diſcharge the ſame piece 295 times.

GRAMMAR.

I. Grammar is the art of Speaking and writing with propriety.

II. Grammar is divided into four parts, viz.—Orthography, Etymology, Syntax, and Proſody.

THE DRAMA.

"To wake the ſoul by tender ſtrokes of art,
"To *raiſe the genius*, and to *mend the heart*,
"To make mankind in conſcious *virtue* bold,
"Live o'er each ſcene, and *be what they* BEHOLD:
"For this the *Tragic Muſe* firſt trod the ſtage,
"Commanding tears to ſtream thro' every age;
"Tyrants no more their ſavage nature kept—
"And foes to virtue—wonder'd how they wept!"

POPE.

PERHAPS there is no Theatre under better regulation, or more calculated to effect the object of inſtruction in the garb of amuſement, than that of Boſton, at the preſent period. The amuſements of this ſeaſon, have received a flattering portion of public approbation, particularly the tragedy of *Othello*, which has been repeatedly repreſented to the moſt crowded audiences. We ſhould likewiſe notice, that the favourite comedies of *Every one has his fault*, *Heir at law*, &c. have been received with great applauſe; and that the play of *Abaellino* has been repreſented to a very reſpectable aſſembly.

We ſhould do injuſtice to our feelings were we to neglect noticing the excellent OCTAVIAN, repreſented at an hour's notice, by Mr. YOUNG. It was a delicate ſituation for any actor, to ſupply, thus ſuddenly, the part of ſo diſtinguiſhed a performer as Mr. COOPER; but, to the honour of Mr. YOUNG be it ſaid, that the audience loſt no pleaſure in the exchange; and we may juſtly add, that the excellence of that night's performance, greatly advanced Mr. Y's profeſſional reputation in the eſtimation of a candid public.

This evening, preſents an excellent opportunity for the admirers of ſuperior merit, to teſtify their reſpect for the American ROSCIUS. We are aſſured that the performances will be attended by a moſt reſpectable audience, for whoſe entertainment ſome of the fineſt eſſays in the Drama are prepared.

THEATRICUS.

BOSTON:
WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1805.

THE liberal patronage which the FLY has received ſince the firſt number, has induced the EDITORS to continue its publication. Aſſured that while no exertion on their ſide is wanting to render their Work worthy general approbation, it will not be permitted to ſink into obſcurity for the want of encouragement. The EDITORS already recognize with pleaſure among their ſubſcribers ſome of the moſt diſtinguiſhed characters in the ſtate;—and they reſpectfully aſk for a continuance of that favor from which they ſhall derive their chief ſupport, and find additional encouragement for the purſuit of their laudable undertaking.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

To the author of "*Modern Criticiſm*" we would reply in the language of Scripture—"*Thou diſcerneſt the* MOTE *that is in thy brother's eye, and feeſt not the* BEAM *that is in thine own.*

We have taken the liberty to vary ſome of CASPHER's Poetry; which we hope he will not diſapprove. His favours will always be acceptable.

To gratify CHARLOTTE S*** we have inſerted her letter, that ſhe *may* for once, ſee her "own compoſition in print."

The "SECRETS OF ART", will be continued as opportunity ſhall permit.

We acknowledge the receipt of CLEST HORNIBRO's remarks; but the ſubject has been ſo largely diſcuſſed in the papers of the day, that we preſume it would be unintereſting to *our* readers. Upon ſome other ſubject we ſhould be happy to hear from him.

"The *Inſpector General*, No. 1." is received, and under conſideration.

We have been honored with ſeveral communications from the fair ſex, which ſhall command our particular attention previous to our next publication—They are not miſlaid.

"*The Speculator*, No. 2." in our firſt page, cannot fail of being peruſed with much ſatisfaction and improvement.

Of the numerous Anſwers which we have received to the "Miſcellaneous Queſtions" in our firſt number, thoſe we have inſerted are not the leaſt worthy attention; the writers of which, as well as of thoſe which the want of room has prevented our inſerting, command our gratitude and thanks.

Curtius' "*Eſſay on the Government of Society*," the "*Sonnet to Sleep*," and ſeveral other pieces were received too late for this number.

We renew our invitation to correſpondents, from whom any favors will be acceptable.

MRS. ROWSON AND MISS HASWELL'S

Annual Exhibition, took place at Newton, on the 17th inſt. and the ſpecimens of rapid proficiency exhibited by the ſeveral female pupils, reflected the higheſt honour on themſelves, and added much to the reputation of the ſeminary, and its amiable conductors.

MR. TURNER'S ANNUAL BALL

Is always accompanied with a moſt elegant exhibition of the youthful pupils of this diſtinguiſhed ſeminary; and we ſpeak the opinion of a diſcerning publick (not of *individual critics*) when we aſſert, that, the repreſentation of Thurſday, the 24th, was attended with every ſatisfactory circumſtance, which could render it entertaining to the audience, and gratifying to thoſe, who admire to witneſs ſpecimens of real proficiency in this beautifully graceful accompliſhment.

MUSES' DEPARTMENT.

"THE MIND TO *VIRTUE* IS BY *VERSE* SUBDU'D,
"AND THE TRUE *POET* IS A *PUBLIC GOOD.*"

FOR THE FLY.

LINES
ADDRESSED TO A LADY,
On the sudden Death of a promising Son.

CEASE, JULIA, cease—nor thus repine:
Waste not your precious hours in grief:
For know,—the HEART, *virtuous as thine,*
HIM *that afflicted will relieve.*

NATURE has taught our race to know,
The power and wisdom of her GOD—
From whom all human blessings flow—
Who wields *misfortune*'s chast'ning rod.

O weep not then at Fate's decree;
For ALBERT's *freed from mortal care.*;
Though for a *moment* lost to thee,
To JOY ETERNAL he's an heir.

CASPHER.

FOR THE FLY.

FRAGMENT
Of a Piece on the Cultivation of the Female Mind.

HOW can you endure the nonsense
Of uncultivated thought:
Or enjoy true peace of conscience,
That no riches ever bought.

Oh! lovely FAIR, be WISE at *present,*
Nor trust these cares to future time,
All the bliss of life she'll squander
Who in *Fancy*'s maze will wander,
Nor cultivate her youthful prime.

LYSANDER.

FOR THE FLY,

INGRATITUDE.....*A Sentiment.*

FOR FAVORS done, who *base returns* can bear:
Yet to kind HEAV'N we all ungrateful are!
Shock'd at the wrongs from *mortals we receive,*
Yet mindless of CELESTIAL BOUNTIES live.

While some their duty then *withhold from me,*
Be *mine,* oh! MAKER, ever paid to thee!

☞ ****

FOR THE FLY.

ON HEARING A DISCOURSE FROM THE FOLLOWING WORDS:
"*The love of money is the root of all evil.*"

IN days of yore, some distant time,
It might have been a heinous crime;
But *now* quite *light* this sin is made,
Thanks to the Banks and India trade,
By which this vice dissolves in vapour,
And proves, at worst, but....love of PAPER!

SHORT.

FOR THE FLY.

MESSRS. EDITORS,

I HAVE always had, since I could write at all, an ardent inclination to see some of my own composition in print; but have never before had the confidence to send a piece to the press, for fear of its not being accepted—and a repulse, you know, from *your sex,* is very far from being agreeable to *ours.* But as soon as I heard of the intended periodical flights of your little *insect,* I was resolved to make the attempt and *that* the vehicle; as I did not know but *you* might be glad to obtain *any thing*—"*just to fill up.*" And I will now inform you what you have to depend upon—*know ye by these presents*—if you refuse publishing *this,* or *any other* communication I may send you, I *will never again* HONOR you with a production of *mine.*

In the first place, *(primo in loco,)* I wish to ask, whom and what you consulted in the choice of your title? What meaning can there be in "*The Fly,*" with an ill-shapen figure of that insect attached? and that was what I asked mamà.—By-the-way I had a very grave lecture from her on the subject of that very question, and what do you imagine occasioned it? Only an innocent exclamation which I made as I cast my eye on your first number, tuned with a little contempt perhaps, against the *size* and *title!* and by way of a *pun,* pronounced it "*not worth a fly.*" Don't be offended, gentlemen, for I had not *then examined* it. My mama, however, took me *to do* for it, and I was condemned to listen to a reprimand of an enormous length, in consequence. Nor did I listen in vain, for if I gained no instruction from it, I still have it in my power so to do, as I can remember every word of it. Upon second thought (and "second thoughts are always best") I have really a great mind to give it you for the edification of some of your young readers; and how monstrous funny it would be, if my first attempt at scribbling, should, in the end be of service to somebody. Positively I am so elated with the idea, that I will give you the dialogue at a venture, (though my intention was to devote this epistle to something better,) and you may dispose of it as you think proper, that is, if your opinions coincide with my desire, and it be inserted. Now, gentle sirs, none of your "*pigeon-hole*" evasions.—*Once offended* it is difficult to "*make friends*" with *me* again.

Mamà replied to my exclamation with—"Will you never learn, Charlotte, to be less hasty in forming an opinion, and more cautious of being deceived by appearances? The exterior is no criterion for judgement. A "*little thing*" as you call the object in question, *may* contain a great deal of sense, and there is perhaps more *worth* in a *fly* than you imagine." "What, pray?" asked I, just to keep up the argument—"Where can be the use of such a little, nasty, buzzing insect? I detest the whole specie." "Why will you thus suffer yourself to be influenced by prejudice?" returned mamà, with as much solemnity as if I had been committing some heinous offence—"do you believe there can be no merit in a thing merely because *you* detest it? Your enmity to *flies* may however be accounted for.—It is not improbable that their harmless hum has often been construed by you as accusations of cruelly torturing and wantonly murdering thousands of their race who never injured you! It *may be* that they, too often for your indolence, have prevented your *wasting a beautiful summer's morning in sleep,* which might be employed in *reading* or *contemplation;* or, perhaps, wishing to *share with you* some little *sweetmeat* or tempting *tid-bit,* they often intrude at your breakfast. But are creatures, formed by the same Being with yourself, to be persecuted for adhering to the dictates of their *natures*? Whatever has prejudiced you against them, it is high time that prejudice should yield to *candor.*—Would you carefully examine and search into the natures of the various objects of your unreasonable disgust, you would always discover *much to admire* and *little to fear.*"

I here terminated the debate by acknowledging myself convicted, (a'n't I one of a thousand?—sex considered) and promising in future to make myself perfectly acquainted with an object before I judged of its merits or demerits: and to tell you the truth, I would recommend this advice to the serious consideration of all your young readers.—But enough of moralizing.

As I have filled up my paper without saying what I at first intended, I will now take leave of you. but it will be your fault if you do not often hear from me. Appropos—I intend soon, through this medium, to wish a little fashionable, haughty, female friend of mine—but mum for that. I wish your FLY had a *sting.* I may nevertheless now and then lend it one. Yours, CHARLOTTE S.

To Simon Scribble and Co.

WIT AND HUMOR.

These delights, if thou canst give
Mirth, with thee I'd wish to live.

RETALIATION.

A country attorney happening to be at a tavern with an honest peasant, was very facetious at the countryman's expense. They nevertheless agreed to try for a bottle of wine, who could make the best rhyme; and the lawyer, finding the peasant's occupation to be that of a weaver, wrote the following lines:

The world, though large is but a span—
It takes *nine weavers* to make a *Man!*

The weaver replied in the following couplet:

The world is wide and full of evil—
And *half a lawyer* makes a *devil!*

.....

BON MOT.

Colonel BOND, who had been one of Charles the Ist's judges, died a day or two before *Cromwell;* and it was confidently reported that the Protector was dead. 'No, indeed,' said a gentleman, who knew better, '*he has only given* BOND *to the devil for his future appearance.*'

.....

AN OLD SAYING IMPROVED.

An Irish schoolmaster, a great foe to idleness, thinking that the well known expression, 'Idleness covereth a man with rags,' might be varied, wrote on a copy for one o his scholars, 'Idleness *covereth* a man with *nakedness.*'

.....

EPIGRAM

On a stone being thrown at the head of a *great man,* which missed him.

BY PETER PINDAR.

Talk no more of the lucky escape of the *head,*
From a flint so unluckily thrown;
I think very different, with thousands indeed,
'Twas a lucky escape for the STONE.

.....

The following inscription is literally taken from a sign-board in a country village in Yorkshire, Eng.

'Wrighten and Readen and *Trew Spellen* and Allso Merchant Ackounts with Doubil Entery

Postkript Girlls and Buoys Boarded and good youzitch for Children.'

BOSTON THEATRE.

.....

THIS Evening, Shakespeare's celebrated Tragedy of
RICHARD THE THIRD,
With the favorite musical Afterpiece of the
WAGS OF WINDSOR,
☞ *For the benefit of Mr.* COOPER. ☜

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